

A stylized illustration of a person with short brown hair, wearing a blue jacket over an orange dress, white socks with green stripes, and white shoes. The person is standing with their hands at their sides. The background is a solid light orange color.

011
- A PARALLEL STORY

Chris
Gibson

011 - A parallel story by Zootopia123

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Summary: After her rescue, Eleven learns about herself, her friends and the world around her. A collection of oneshots - The events of this story go hand in hand with the events of the main story "Numbers". It is recommended that Numbers be read before for a better understanding of the fanfic "011 - a parallel story".

1. Chapter 1

I am not fluent in English, so the translation will be done through google translate. I ask your patience for reading since many errors will be caused because of the online translation. Thank you!

IMPORTANT: The events in this story tell Eleven's life after being saved and they go hand in hand with the events of my another fanfiction called "Numbers". It is highly recommended that the Numbers fanfiction be read BEFORE this one, mainly because of the presence of original characters which are presented in the pilot fanfiction.

Good reading!

December 20, 1984.

It was Nancy who explained to Eleven what a kiss meant.

Although it was still a few days away from Christmas, the city's commercial center closer to Hawkins was extremely chaotic. People ran through the city center, grabbing various objects and clothes inside the shops, even going on to quarrel with other customers for the presents. There was a certain frenzy in the air, that faint feeling that panic set while everyone was trying to make last-minute purchases.

Seven, being a big hater of crowds, was annoyed. Crowded people, car noise, conversation and screaming made her uncomfortable and with a headache. Being dragged down the street by Nancy and Eleven did not help in her mood.

"Tell me again why we have to do this," she asked Nancy as the three girls finally stopped in front of a store. Seven has to keep reminding herself constantly that she could not just leave the two there.

"Christmas shopping," Eleven said with a lively smile. She did not quite understand why Seven looked so discouraged. Crowds also made her nervous, but she remained positive, the excitement of being in what Nancy called the "girls walk" for the first time overcoming

any panic that came when the noise around her was too loud.

"Try not to look so discouraged," Nancy said as the three of them looked at the clothes from the shop they entered. "We're giving El her first shopping session."

"If this is about El," Seven argued. "Why are we looking at sweaters for your boyfriend?"

Eleven hid a smile as she watched them arguing. They did a lot of that, and Mike told her it was because they were so different. Eleven could understand a little what he meant. Nancy had blue eyes, was feminine and had straight brown hair. She smiled a lot too. Seven, on the other hand, had green eyes, curly black hair and always seemed to have a frown on her face. Eleven found them both very pretty, liked their company and knew the girls liked each other, even though they were always barking.

She was sure of that when they parked not far off and got out of the car. A group of men shouted obscenities that El did not understand, but Seven and Nancy became so angry that together they made the men run away.

Eleven was happy whenever she remembered they were her friends.

"Steve has this silly tradition of wearing ugly sweaters made for Christmas," said Nancy with a small smile. "Every year is a sweater worse than the other, you would not have imagined."

"Well, worse than that tuft can not stay," muttered Seven just so Eleven could hear.

"What did you say?" Nancy asked a little distractedly as she stared at a red sweater with small embroidered dwarfs.

"Oh, nothing. Come on, El, let's find the ugliest sweater in the store".

The three of them split and laughed at every sweater they encountered. Eleven pulled one from the hanger and wrinkled her nose.

"Ugly" commented showing it to Seven.

"Oh God, my eyes!" Exclaimed her friend, covering her eyes with her hands and making El laugh so hard that her cheeks hurt. "I think you found the champion, El."

"Wow, this one sure is the chosen one," Nancy said with a grimace as she watched the huge reindeer stitched in wrong dimensions and who seemed to be sick rather than happy. "Thank you, El, I'll let Steve know that you chose."

Buying Lucas and Dustin's gifts was easy. For Lucas, a collection of bandanas and espionage objects. Eleven liked Lucas, despite the bad start they had. She understood and forgave him. She was dangerous, she had lied to them and Lucas just wanted to save Will. He made sure not to trust her, but she was happy to know that he liked her now. Lucas was always willing to show her new moves that she found super fun to learn. He also defended her as a bodyguard, anyone who was rude to her ended up receiving deadly looks and a punch in the mouth.

For Dustin she bought a miniature figure from Princess Leia. Dustin was the friend who most made Eleven laugh. He was just so funny! Even when she did not understand his jokes, a laugh just came out because the energy he had was that of simple happiness. For a long time - and admitted that to this day - Eleven wanted her powers to disappear. She was dangerous with those powers, a risk to others around her. But that was not how Dustin thought. He made Eleven feel more confident about her powers, as if they were the coolest thing in the world. The boy constantly said that she was the coolest person he knew - which usually made El smile and the boys feel a bit offended.

It was Nancy's idea to go to the record store to get a present for Will. Eleven still did not understand much about the world around her, but she knew that finding gifts for Will was not quite what Nancy wanted when she said, "Jonathan likes this shop" and watched Nancy's cheeks flush deeply. This always happened when the name of one of them came up.

Once, about a week ago, Jonathan taught a few things about photography and taught her to reveal the photos. When El appeared with a beautiful photo she had taken from Nancy, Jonathan's cheeks

turned pink.

"Why does it happen?" Eleven asked Seven as they looked at a collection of tapes.

"What?" Asked Seven without taking her eyes off a tape of a heavy metal rock band. Eleven pointed to her own cheeks and her friend understood. "Oh, that happens when people get embarrassed."

"Embarrassed?"

"Embarrassment is kind of ... uncomfortable, you know? Nancy feels embarrassed when we talk about Jonathan."

"Why?"

"I think it's because she likes him," Seven replied. Eleven frowned at the answer.

"Steve?" she asked. Maybe Seven had forgotten Nancy was dating Steve. They spent a lot of time together, holding hands and hugging each other. Mike had explained to El what that meant. Steve is more than a friend, Mike had said. He's her boyfriend.

"Oh, she likes Steve," Seven explained. "That's why she's embarrassed when we talk about Jonathan, because she likes both."

Eleven had never heard of a person who liked two people at the same time. It was still a very new concept for her, the whole idea of liking someone more than a friend. What was so different about friends and boyfriends? Mike was very... embarrassed when she asked him that. His face turned red and he changed the subject and El thought it best not to insist.

"It is possible?" she asked. Seven was a great person to ask about things. She was not... embarrassed like Mike, but Eleven still preferred to ask him things. For some reason, it was different when he explained it. It was better.

"It's possible, but it must be horrible, I do not want to be in her skin. Hey, look what I found."

Seven removed a vinyl record from the sequence and showed her. Eleven still could not read, but Seven knew it, so she read it to her.

"It's Will's favorite band, The Clash. I think it's going to make a great gift."

Mike's gift was the hardest to buy. Eleven wanted to give him something he liked, but she felt very sad to realize she did not know much about him.

How could she be a good friend if she did not even know what he liked?

"Do not worry about it, El," Nancy said, noting her sad face. "I'm sure anything you do will make Mike very happy."

"Nancy's right," said Seven. "You could appear empty-handed that he would still be all smiles."

Eleven kept thinking about what he would like to receive. Mike had many things, much more than Will possessed. Jonathan said it's because Mike's family had more money and so they could buy more stuff than the Byers. Money was still a complicated concept, but she thought she understood.

The three girls walked through several shops, but Eleven still had not seen anything of her interest. She still could not tell the magazines apart, so they all looked like Mike already had. He also had all the miniatures of the characters in the movies he watched. What could she...

Stopping suddenly, Eleven saw something that caught her eye. Approaching a window, she recognized the figure of a staff. It was the same one used by Mike's character in that curious game he played with the boys. This version, however, was life-size and much prettier, made of wood and full of details.

"Wow, it's beautiful," Nancy said behind her. "I have no idea what it is, but it's super cute."

"Gift," Eleven said, pointing at the object through the glass. Seven brought her face closer and sucked in a breath at the price.

"It's fucking expensive," she cursed. Nancy also leaned over and looked sad.

"It costs a lot of money, El. I'm sorry, but I do not think you have enough money to pay."

Eleven's gaze was so sad that Seven felt like crying. The poor little girl just wanted to give Mike a present, for God's sake! There had to be a way...

"Look, if we split it three, the price is not so expensive," she said. El's eyes flashed and Nancy seemed to consider the idea. "What do you think, El? This may be our Christmas present for you."

When they reached the ice cream shop, the three girls drew attention because they were loaded not only with dozens of bags, but with an enormous wooden staff. They sat down and ate, Eleven enjoying the dessert. They were almost over when something caught their attention.

A boy and a girl were sitting not too far from them, holding hands.

Boyfriend and girlfriend, Eleven thought. They had to be. They were close and holding hands, as Nancy and Steve did. Suddenly they came closer and did something that made El's heart jump. Their lips brushed as Mike had done with her a year ago, the night she disappeared.

What did it mean? She had not understood what had happened, but she liked it. The act made her warm inside.

"What is that?" Asked El pointing at the couple. Nancy and Seven looked at them, confused.

"What is what?" Seven asked, her mouth still full of ice cream.

"What they are doing?".

"Oh!" Exclaimed Nancy, understanding. "They are kissing".

"Kissing?" Eleven asked, trying the new word on her lips.

"That's when you put your mouth over someone's mouth," Seven explained. "You do this when you and the person are dating."

"Like Nancy and Steve!" understood Eleven.

"Yes, like me and Steve," smiled Nancy. "We like each other, that's why we kiss. When you like someone more than a friend and they feel that way about you, you kiss each other."

"You just need to like them?" asked El. "Do not you have to date?"

"It's better when you're dating," said Seven. "But sometimes people kiss without being dating too, it happens."

Eleven turned to Nancy and asked,

"You kiss Jonathan?"

Two things happened simultaneously. Nancy's cheeks flushed as Eleven had never seen and Seven choked on the ice cream, having a fit of coughing that sounded like laughter.

"No, no, no, no, I do not kiss Jonathan," exclaimed Nancy.

"Why not?"

"Because I'm dating Steve," she said, glaring at Seven who was trying her best to hide her attack of laughter. "It's wrong to kiss two people at the same time, El. If you're dating one person then you can not kiss another."

"Oh! I understood," El said, and with a small smile she complete: "Thank you."

"Why are you wanting to know that anyway?" Asked Nancy.

El gulped down a spoonful of ice cream, and the moment Seven started drinking water, she replied as the naturalness of those who say the hours:

"Mike kissed me."

Nancy's scream and the water Seven spat on the floor were enough events for them to be evicted from the property.

Hello guys! Thank you so much for reading! I hope you enjoyed! Remembering that the events of this fanfic will be parallel to the events of the main fanfic called Numbers, so I advise you to read Numbers first!

I also accept requests, so if there is any character or scene or event that you have always imagined with El, just comment that I write for the next chapter!

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2. Chapter 2

January, 1985.

Saturday was Eleven's favorite weekday.

At first, Joyce worked only in the afternoon. This meant that El would wake up to the smell of Jonathan's breakfast and his and Joyce's voice in the kitchen. Their laughter made the mornings even brighter, a constant assertion that they were real and not the fruit of a beautiful dream.

When she appeared in the kitchen, Jonathan would smile and greet her with a happy, "Good morning, sunshine! Did you forget to close the curtains again?". Eleven never draped the curtains from the bedroom window (which was Will's bedroom, which now slept with Jonathan). She liked to wake up with the sunshine on her face. This helped her remember every morning that she was no longer on the upside down.

He would sit down at the table and enjoy Joyce's presence. She liked Joyce, like a lot. Before she even moved in with them, she loved Will's mother with all her strength. Joyce was kind, careful, always explaining everything to El, even the simple things. She helped Eleven read and talk, caressed and combed her hair, and they always watched television together on Joyce's days off.

She was so unlike Papa. El felt a shiver creep up the back of her neck as she remembered him. She liked him one day. Long ago, when she believed that he only wanted her good, that he was helping her as he himself had said. But she met Joyce, her friends and Mike, and discovered how people really treated each other when they liked each other.

Papa did not like her, and she sure reciprocated the feeling.

Eleven pushed the thoughts of the man into the back of her mind. She did not like to think about him and realized in the first weeks after her rescue that absolutely everyone hated him too.

Joyce twisted her nose and looked disgusted whenever El commented on Papa. Many times this happened unintentionally. When she saw someone with white hair or doctors, his name escaped her lips.

"Do not think about that horrible man, sweetheart, he will never return," said Joyce.

Mike and Seven always had the worst reactions.

Near Christmas, Mike wanted Eleven to have the real Christmas experience, so he agreed that they would watch all the Christmas movies that have been created. One, in particular, had a white-haired man who was a doctor. El had not even noticed that the word "Papa" had escaped her mouth, but Mike heard. He stiffened and became red, but not in a good way. There was the pretty redness when those specks on his face stood out and he began to stutter as he spoke. And there was the bad redness when his eyebrows were wrinkled and it looked like smoke would come out of his ears as she had seen happen in a cartoon.

"I'm sorry, El. I did not remember him when I chose the movie, do you want me to take it off? I do not want to make you uncomfortable when you watch, we can see something else."

She did not mind continuing to watch the movie, but Mike's words left a warm sensation in her chest.

When she let the word escape near Seven, the first week after being rescued, she thought her friend was going to explode. Seven was taking her to Mike's house when, from inside the car, the girl saw a man in a lab coat. When she whispered "Papa" the car braked abruptly.

"What? Where?" Seven asked furiously as she looked down the street. Eleven pointed at the man, but murmured,

"Looks like him". Seven relaxed, but continued the rest of the trip growling profanity Eleven did not understand.

Eleven missed Seven. The girl had left a little over a month ago and did not give more news. The phones, Hopper had said, were clipped.

Whatever "clipped" means. She sometimes slept wishing she could dream of Seven again. Their farewells were still fresh in their memory, the words echoing in their minds:

"I'll come back and I will not leave your side anymore, I promise."

The second best part of the Saturdays were the walks with Jonathan.

After spending a few hours with Joyce, Eleven and Will wandered around town with Jonathan. He would take them anywhere, always willing to show everything to Eleven.

She adored Jonathan, like an older brother. He looked after her and always seemed to be worried. Will said he was just like that, very protective. But Eleven was not complaining. It was he who cooked for her, convinced her to try new foods and taught her to take pictures. He also showed the musical world to her, something that she enjoyed very much.

She still remembered the pride in his eyes when she managed to sing (and understand) a whole sentence from one of The Clash songs.

"This is my little sister," he had said.

And, finally, there was Eleven's last and greatest motive to love Saturdays.

It was the night of the Dungeons & Dragons game.

The first time Eleven did not understand why Will was so excited and he was one of the few people she could read the emotions. Their relationship was very good, in fact, El dared to say that (after Mike) he was the person with whom she most had intimacy.

When the two met for the first time out of the upside down, he hugged her tight. Without any word exchanged, El understood everything that was stuck in his throat. That night she slept at Mike's house with the boys and he arranged the bed for her and told her all about his brother and mother, trying his best to ease the anxiety she felt.

"Mom's going to take good care of you, she always wanted us to have

a little sister. Her food is not the best, but it's Jonathan who cooks most of the time. You're probably going to stay with my room, but I do not care. Jonathan is going to college, so I'm going to stay with his room. You will like it, El, I promise. My brother will take us to the movies and we will listen to music in his car and I will teach you to draw or anything else that you want to do!"

Will was gentle, more than the other boys. He also understood feelings better than anyone else. At home he always knew if she had slept well or not or whether she was frustrated, restless, anxious. He also kept his promise and began to teach her to draw. El was not good like him, she knew, but he was always pretty cool about it.

"You're making progress too fast! When I started, I could not do it!"

So when she could not understand the excitement of going to Mike's house, El was a little frustrated. What was different? They went there almost every day. Of course, she was also anxious to go because, for some reason, she was always anxious when it came to seeing Mike.

When they arrived, she understood, but only a little. She quickly learned that the boys loved that game. They spent ten hours playing and they just stopped because Mike's mother kicked them out. At first she did not like to go because she never played. The boys tried to teach her, but her vocabulary was still very limited and her imagination was not yet as developed as that of her friends. El did not understand the rules, the names or the commands, so she quickly gave up trying.

She wanted to play, wanted to be part of what her friends liked so much, but not understanding things made her very frustrated and, above all, embarrassed. Will said they played the game since they were eight. Eight years old! She was thirteen and could not understand simple tactics.

So for a few weeks, El just stayed in the basement while they played, improving her writing and reading. She did not mind studying, but she was envious that they were so smart.

Until one day, when the lyrics were already shuffling in her head, El was tired of being bored. This gave her an idea and she sat on the

couch, pretending to read a magazine, but looking at the boys with a smile.

"The forest is dark," Mike was telling. "You walk silently, looking over your shoulders, expecting any reaction, but there is nothing there, just the sound of your breath. But then... a great gale takes you by surprise!"

Suddenly, the basement window opened and the wind came so hard that papers flew all over the room. The boys were startled and Dustin shrieked loudly.

"What is it?" Lucas shouted.

"I do not know!" Shouted Mike back. The window closed as quickly as it opened, and the wind stopped. The only person who did not seem affected was Eleven.

"El...?" Mike said looking at her playfully. "Do you know what happened?"

She shook her head with an innocent look, denying it. But Mike smiled because he knew her very well.

He continued and Eleven remained still. In a certain interesting part of the story, she smirked.

"The house that you enter is dark and silent, there is no one besides you. You scream, but the voice just echoes through the walls... Suddenly... what is it?... this sound? Some door has opened!"

The basement door opened with a huge creaking sound. The boys shivered and Mike grinned.

Oh, he knew very well what was happening.

He continued, but anxious than the boys and he was the narrated. At one point it occurred again:

"But wait ... A noise in the distance. It's getting closer, getting closer, getting louder! BOM! BOM! BOM!"

The table jumped. One, two, three times. The boys screamed and Mike laughed. When El can not contain her own laughter, Dustin shouted,

"El, you almost give me a heart attack!".

It has become a tradition.

Eleven still did not play, but she made it all a thousand times more real and fun. And when Mike smiled at her and said, "We're the best team!", she was sure of one thing.

Saturdays were the best days of the week.

**Hey guys! Thank you sooo much for the reviews (: i'm so happy!
You are the best! Love you all, and hope you like it!
Remembering that I am always open to creating scenes for you!
Just talk in the comments**

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